The Eye Opener

VOL. IX., No. 2—NEW SERIES | WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1911 | PRICE FIVE CENTS

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor
Correspondents are requested to address us to P. O. Box 1939, Winnipeg.

Eye Openers



February Eleventh! It will soon be spring and we shall, thank the Lord, be over the period when the I-take-a-cold-plunge-every-morning liar shines so effulgently.

• • •

Mr. McRitchie, the noted cartoonist, is—thank the Lord!—back from his holiday visit in the east and henceforth the pages of the Eye Opener will contain REAL cartoons as of yore. Unfortunately, Mac only got back Tuesday, too late to fix us up a bunch of cuts. We have been having rather a scramble for cuts the last two issues, such as we had being swiped from any old source. The street railway cartoon in this issue is the work of a clever young Winnipeg boy; the Reciprocity one, from the Daily News, of Chicago; and the Foster-Laurier effort—don't laugh—by your uncle. Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, we will now conclude with the last act of "Maggie, the Beautiful Buttonhole Worker."



Robert Burns,

Scottish bard, who has been responsible for more high-grade toots in celebration of his memory than could be computed by any mathematician born of woman. Though his parents were not aviators, he was born in Ayr.

• • •

Perhaps the Bonspielers would like a Scotch yarn. Here is one all the way from Gleskie:

"Ay! Wullie is lookin' gey peeliewallie the noo, Mrs. M'Morlan. I'm thinkin', like some o's, he's needin' a change o' air, an' I jist said to oor yin last nicht we micht a' tak' a sail doon the watter some Setterday sune. 'Whit fur?' says he. 'Weel,' says I gey shairp, 'dae ye no' see we're a' gey rin doon like.' 'Ach,' says he, 'Ye shid a' tak' brumstane an' treacle, an' no' spend ma money galivantin' awa' doon the watter.' I wis that wild I cud hae gien him a lick across the mooth."

• • •

In the gay and festive columns of the Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge and Calomel Chapeau papers we can detect a note of spring from the chirping of the baseball managers and chortling of the fans.

• • •

Colonel Denison has resigned the office of chairman of the Board of Governors of the Upper Canada College and has been succeeded by Mr. W. H. Gooderham. Is this Gooderham the whiskey man? If so, we wish the students would petition him not to put so much copper, benzine, carbolic acid, rough-on-rats and vitriol into his rotgut, and cut out the fish hooks. The official head of Canada's most noted college should make whiskey of the best quality, a whiskey that would reflect credit on the great institution of learning which is striving so hard to turn out sober and industrious citizens.

• • •

You lose. Mayor Evans is not using the scalp of E. D. Martin for a penwiper at the city hall.

• • •

Word comes from Calgary that Mrs. P. J. McGonigle, widow of the late editor of the well-known Midnapore publication, has applied to the authorities for leave to exhume the body of her husband. Mrs. McGonigle claims that he was buried while in a trance and that within the last week he has recovered consciousness and been trying to communicate with her by telepathic means. The poor distracted widow is so earnest in the matter that it is expected the necessary permission will be granted and the exhumation proceeded with without delay. If P. J. can do the Lazarus act after this lapse of time, he is a dandy.

The average everyday man certainly presents some curious contrasts in his life from day to day. Take, for instance, Smith and Jones, who happen to meet on the street. One may overhear, in passing, something like this:

"I sent in my tender and specifications last night and cut every item pretty fine. The man who bids lower than me will lose money. I've got everything fixed with the bank and it won't interfere a particle with the other contracts I have on hand. How did you make out on that addition of yours?"

"Oh, not too bad. I traded off that stuff for five lots in the city and am going to put up a modern apartment block. Where are you off to now?"

"I'm on my way to our weekly club luncheon. In a reckless moment I promised to deliver an address on Reciprocity and its economic results, so I must hurry along."

"Well, so long!"

"See you later!"

An evening or two later, scene laid in bar room of high class hotel in the city. Same men, Smith and Jones.

"Well, Jonesy old boy, drink up an' we'll have another."

"That's right, Smithy, old cockolorum, we'll have another. A man's a man for a' that and damned be he who first cries "Hold, enough!"

"You're quite a poet, Jonesy."

"You bet your sweet life, I'm a poet. Wot d'ye think of Bobby Burns? Ah, Bobby was a great lad!"

"Sure he was! You mind the song, (singing) "But the cock may craw and the day may daw, but aye we'll drink the barley bree'."

Bartender: "Gentlemen, we can't have any singing here. If you want to sing you'll have to go outside."

"Well, thazzahellovanote! Ain't that a hellovanote, Jonesy?"

"Thaezwot! Fill 'em up again, bartender."

"Now, as I was shaying about the reciproshity treaty——"

"Aw, come on, lezzgo down to the Bucket of Blood. Drink up."

Sunday comes along. Mr. Smith and his family enter the church portals about the same time as Mr. Jones and HIS family. Mr. Jones bows gravely to Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith bows gravely to Mr. Jones. In a few minutes they are standing up in their respective pews singing Rock of Ages, and the world wags on.

• • •

There is a queer rumor floating around Ottawa. The rumor is to the effect that there are other reasons which could be given why the Fielding subscription list was not published, that $150,000 was actually collected from the faithful and some $30,000 is unaccounted for. The subscribers, it would appear, have been getting their heads together and are asking what has become of the $30,000.

• • •

Larkin and Jaffray, who are the campaign fund managers, and Miller (South Grey) and Sinclair (Guysborough), the members who acknowledge having gathered subscriptions, should certainly be cleared of the imputation involved in this rumor. It is not suggested, of course, that any of these gentlemen have been personally guilty of anything dishonorable,—for they are known to be men of honor and probity,—and it is for this very reason, for the protection of their own good names, that a list of the subscribers should be furnished, if not to the public, at least to those who coughed up their elegant rhino in such disinterested fashion.

• • •

At the same time it must be borne in mind that Ottawa, and especially the lobby of the House, is a regular hatching place for rumors, most of them utterly baseless. In the present instance it will probably be found that $150,000 was the amount originally sought, but only $120,000 was actually obtained.

• • •

If Jaffray had done the right thing, in view of what he has got out of the Grit bunch, especially in connection with that Crow's Nest job, he would have subscribed a million to this fund. Incidentally, Jaffray owns the Globe and gets an average of $80,000 per annum as government pap. Larkin, along with Jaffray, is the man who rustled most of the Toronto subscriptions and is said to be aspiring to a senatorship. (He'll get it too, see if he don't!) As for Miller, he is the cold-storage saint who wanted to put the kibosh on horse-racing in Canada, and Sinclair—we never heard of Sinclair.

• • •

But what does it all matter now? What does anything matter? The House can debate and debate and resume the debate and keep on debating till hell freezes over, but when the smoke clears away Mr. Fielding will be found standing in the full glare of day with a placid smile on his face and a hundred and twenty thousand simoleons in his jeans. He has got away with it, as Bloody Globe Macdonald might say, and that is all that remains to be said on the subject. So touch the button.

• • •

The opening of the first session of the Thirteenth Legislature took place with the usual imposing ceremonies last Thursday. It is expected that this will be a short session, as the Opposition has not as yet discovered anything to kick about. The result of the recent by-election in Russell, which used to be a Liberal stronghold, shows clearly that the people of the province of Manitoba are firmly convinced that Premier Roblin and his associates are giving them an honest, wise and businesslike administration.

PARLIAMENTARY PLEASANTRIES



What the genial Mr. Foster calls a sly thrust, a slight dig, or a mild prod

A lady heard that her two sons were in the habit each, at separate times and quite unknown to each other, of taking one of the maids "out for a lark." Fearing to bring down on their devoted heads the wrath of their father by making a bother about it, she asked them quietly if it was true, but could obtain no satisfactory reply. It occurred to her that by a little strategy she might get the truth from the girl, so she said in a jocular manner, "Now, Mary, I want you to answer me candidly. Which of my two sons do you like going out with best—George or William?" "Well, ma'am," replied the girl, [illegible] by the [illegible] manner, "if it's [illegible]ken, [illegible] I like Master George best; but [illegible] a rale doubleight [illegible] spree, [illegible] the master!"

• • •

Hi! Hi! Help! [illegible] Dr. Shearer! Send for Dr. [illegible] And Miller—go get [illegible] don't forget Chapman and [illegible]

King George, [illegible], is to retain his [illegible] stud, thereby [illegible] the tradition [illegible] that England's rulers shall be the premier patrons of England's premier sport.

• • •

Henry II. seems to have set the fashion of horse-racing more than 700 years ago. James I. attended race meetings as far apart as Corydon in the south and York in the north, the prizes at the latter place being little golden bells.

Charles I. had races run in Hyde Park. Charles II. also patronised them, besides starting others at Newmarket, and, instead of bells, gave a silver bowl, or cup, value one hundred guineas.

William III. established other prizes; as did also Queen Anne, who, like King Edward, ran racehorses under her own name, and with considerable success, too.

To Anne also is really due the institution of Ascot races, although their foundation is often erroneously ascribed to the Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George III.

The Ascot Gold Vase, by the way, was established by Queen Victoria in the second year of her reign. In this she followed the example of Queen Anne, who presented a piece of gold plate to be run for there in 1711 "by any horse, mare, or gelding no more than six years old the grass before."

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whiskey, surprised his mother by asking—"Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a little boy?"

• • •

"Do you read the funny papers?"

"Sometimes, if no one is looking."

"I used to. You've noticed probably that in them the girls are always wanting to be kissed, saying something like, 'Don't you think that's a pretty bunch of misletoe just above our heads?' and all that sort [illegible]."

"Yes, I have seen that in the funny papers many a time."

"And they made out that the girl threatens to screa'n if the fellow dare kiss her, but don't when he does, because someone would hear her."

"What [illegible]"

"And they tell you that the quiet, demure ones, with drooping lashes [illegible], are the real little devils."

"[illegible] what they would make us [illegible]"

"And the old man has to drop in at the psychological moment and [illegible] through the window with [illegible]"

"Yes, that's how it goes."

"Well, I knew one of the little demure sort and I went to see her one evening, and her eyes drooped as per illustrations, and she said she would scream if I really tried to kiss her, and her folks were in the next room, and everything was regular and according to schedule laid down in the funny papers."

"Ah!"

"So of course I kissed her."

"And what happened?"

"Oh, about a dozen neighbors in their night clothes and a policeman and two fire engines and several newspaper reporters got there in about three minutes and the girl and her mother fainted and her father—"

"——And her father?"

"The old man grabbed me and dragged me into the back parlor and led me through the back way, and gave me a cigar and told me not to mind—that he'd had the very same sort of thing happen to him when he was a boy."

• • •

If you ever caught a glimpse of the face you made at the smoker when you got to the top note in Annie Laurie—"and dark blue was her e'e"——you'd never sing it again. Honest to God, you wouldn't.

How did the city of Brandon ever settle with the Electric Light Company? That free water pipe was quite a stunt, quite a stunt. It reminds one of Hiram Walker's celebrated private pipe with which he used to fool the revenue people by piping Canadian whiskey under the water of the narrow straits between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair over to the American side. That stunt also went on for a number of years, until accidentally discovered. Hiram is now dead, but though gone in the flesh, his spirit is still with us.

• • •

A workman, endeavouring to explain to one of his mates what a phenomenon was, made the following attempt:—"It's like this. Suppose you were to go into the country and see a field of thistles growing." "Yes," assented his friend. "Well, that would not be a phenomenon." "No, that's quite clear," agreed the other man. "But suppose you were to see a lark singing way up in the sky." "Yes." "Well, that would not be a phenomenon." "No, that also seems clear." "But imagine there is a bull in the field." "Yes," his friend could imagine that. "Even that would not be a phenomenon." "No." "But, now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles whistling like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon."

• • •

It is to be hoped, for his own sake, that when the Duke of Connaught comes to Ottawa he will bring with him a more wideawake A.D.C. than Earl Minto had. When Minto was Governor-General it had been arranged to hold a large garden party at Rideau Hall. Everything was ready, a band discoursed sweet music, refreshments had been provided, and Lord and Lady Minto were waiting to receive their guests.

Time went on, but to the general surprise no one turned up. Then it dawned on the absent-minded A.D.C. that he had forgotten to send out the invitations! It was a bally rippin' awfully jolly mistake, don't you know.

• • •

English scientists are now discussing a beer without alcohol. They should bear in mind the fate which overtook the discoverers of odorless Limburger.



The Courtship

Poor Canada again has to take some hard raps from the English press. The following is taken from the front page of Reynold's Weekly, an old established newspaper with a circulation of over a million. While the facts given may be true enough, the manner in which they are set forth must create a painful impression on the minds of English parents who have sons out in this country "learning fahming."

CRUELTY TO BOY EMIGRANTS.

Shocking Revelations of Treatment on Canadian Farms.

Among the many grave scandals arising out of the systematic efforts of the Canadian authorities to secure the wholesale emigration of all sorts and conditions of people from this country, one of the worst is due to the arrangement by which various organizations in London and other parts of the Kingdom find situations in the Far West for young lads whom they have had under their care. Despite the fact that the persons responsible take such precautions as they can with the object of ensuring that the boys shall be well cared for, it is unfortunately often the case that these young emigrants get into the hands of brutal employers who treat them with fiendish cruelty.

Several Canadian correspondents have written to "Reynold's" this week enclosing reports, taken from the Toronto newspapers, of the sufferings of two boys who are alleged to have suffered gross ill-treatment while employed on farms in the West. Inspector Kinder, acting on behalf of Barnardo's Homes is stated to have visited Tilbury East (Kent County) and to have discovered that a boy who had been placed in charge of a farmer there was in a terrible condition, his feet being so badly frozen that it was feared they would have to be amputated, while his back was covered with blue and red welts. Another boy was at the same time taken away from a farm at which he had been employed in the same district. His body also bore signs of ill-treatment.

The authorities have since been engaged in collecting evidence to enable them to prosecute those responsible for cruelty to the boys. One of the lads is said to be only thirteen years old and was found by the inspector out in the cold doing a man's work on a cross-cut saw. The state of his feet was causing him intense agony, as the flesh was raw.

It is reported that another case of alleged cruelty is being investigated at Hamilton. The victim is James Breese, sixteen years of age, who is in the City Hospital. He is reported to have been nearly frozen, and his condition is critical. It is said that he was allowed to sleep in a barn without proper protection from the elements.

Naturally the greatest indignation has been aroused in Toronto and elsewhere. This is expressed by our correspondents, one of whom writes: "Such ill-treatment of emigrants in this country is by no means rare. The average Canadian farmer is an ignorant, cruel slave driver, and will only pay a man his wages when he is compelled to do so, but the poor boys who are made to believe when they leave the Old Country that they are coming to a paradise soon learn that they have been made fools of. Barnardo's homes are admirable to a certain extent, but why to get rid of these poor lads should they dump them out here to be the prey of these Canadian savages who are worse than Indians."

• • •

The Ontario farmers who maltreated those boys will probably be accepted by many readers of this widely circulated British weekly as typical specimens of the Canadian farmer. Sporadic cases of this kind are, of course, as rare as the occasional incident of a teamster being hauled before the magistrate for abusing his horses, and it would be manifestly unjust to denounce teamsters as a class in order to make a sensation out of the inhumane actions of one. The average Canadian and American farmer is a hard taskmaster all right, so far as Mr. Hired Man is concerned, but he usually knows enough to keep within the pale of the law.

• • •

The worst characteristic of the farmer, especially the struggling farmer, on both sides of the line—we speak from experience—is his rapacity and greed. There are very few farmers but what begrudge paying the hired man his wages when due. They hate to "part." On hiring out to a farmer the green applicant for the job may, in his innocence, ask, "How late do you work here?" "Oh," says the farmer, carelessly, "we unhitch at six." The inexperienced one jumps to the conclusion that all work therefore ceases at six. Poor fool!

• • •

Up in the morning between five and six, cleaning out the barn, feeding the horses, milking the cows and chopping a cord or two of wood, all before breakfast. Should it happen to be Monday, washday, you pack about twenty buckets of water into the house to fill the boiler. Then to breakfast and the little old bacon and eggs. While gobbling away at the mess, the farmer tells you all about the hog the bacon came off, when he killed it and how much it dressed, and which particular hog he intends to kill next. Thereafter you sally forth with your team and put in a hard day's lick. For the first week the farmer is rather sociable and communicative, getting a line on what kind of a chap you are and how much you will stand for.

Yes, you unhitch at six all right enough. But that is for the horses' sakes, not yours. Having fed and watered the equines you respond to a noisy summons made by the rattling of a baking pan with a big spoon at the half-opened kitchen door. Then more bacon and eggs, and then the chores! All those bloody cows to milk over again, the horses to bed down, wood to chop and water to fetch into the house for the morning. Between eight and nine, nearer nine, you enter the house for a smoke and a rest. The literature with which you may regale yourself and refresh your weary mind is hanging up on a nail over the wash basin, in the form of a Hostetter's Bitters Almanack, a delightful work containing illustrations of the signs of the zodiac (Gemini and Sagittarius and the rest of 'em) and an assortment of testimonials from the relatives of people who died from taking Hostetter's Bitters. Having pondered over this magnum opus you climb a steep flight of stairs to your room, and drop off into a deep sleep. Within an incredibly short period of time the farmer's raucous voice is heard hollering up the narrow stairway and lo! it is another day.

• • •

But where the Canadian farmer gets in his really fine work is in the winter time. Did it ever occur to you that there are hundreds and hundreds of busted young Englishmen, of the green variety, working for their board on farms during these long winter months? The cold days and lengthening nights of late fall approach and find the young Englishman busted—though he shouldn't be at that time of the year—and perhaps with an insufficient outfit of clothing to face the rigors of winter. He cannot stay bumming around the little burg and the hotel keeper with whom he has blown in his summer's wages does not want him hanging around absorbing his heat and standing him off for grub. A farmer drops around, passes the time of day with the poor lad, stands him a shot of booze and says, "If you like, you can come out to my place and stay the winter. I guess I can find some odd jobs for you to do round the house to pay for



Hands Across The See

your board. It will be better than hanging around this blamed old burg and in the spring you can start in regular work and draw wages."

"By Jove," says the young Englishman, "that's awfully decent of you, old chap! It will be a Godsend, I assure you."

• • •

A few weeks later a sad-looking young man may be seen meandering down to the barn about half past six in the morning, carrying a lantern, snow knee-deep, wind blowing and thermometer 30 below freeze-out. Having fed the stock, he starts to clean out the frozen barn with a pickaxe. After a couple of hours choring around he carries the milk into the house and hits up the little old bacon and eggs and koffy. This over, he hitches up the wagon, on which is perched an enormous hay rack, and drives off through the biting cold to a distant hay stack. Returning, he feeds the cattle and waters them. If there is a creek handy, he chops holes in the ice; if not, he pumps water into a trough until the thirst of the bovines is thoroughly quenched. Each bovine drinks about a barrel. Then he chops or saws a cord of wood to get up an appetite for dinner. Afternoon, lots to do, lots to do, any God's amount of it. Come what may, the folks won't have that lazy Englishman loafing about the house and he must be kept busy outdoors. Evening comes, with its interminable chores. Chores, chores, chores! Then the almanack and bed. Blessed sleep!

• • •

Once the farmer gets the youth out to the farm to "help around during the winter for his keep," it is all off with that youth. The farmer has got him dead to rights. The unfortunate one cannot walk into the neighboring little burg penniless, for he would only starve there and be compelled to pass the bitter cold nights in the hay loft of the livery stable. The cauld blasts of winter prevent him risking the danger of trying to beat his way to the nearest big city, where he would only be vagged anyhow. No. He has got to tough it out with Mr. Farmer till spring, and Mr. Farmer knows that he has got to tough it out and he means to see that he earns every mouthful of his bacon and eggs and koffy and soggy bread.

• • •

And yet, the lines of the young Englishman working for his board during winter months may after all be cast in pleasant places, for there are lots and lots and lots of delight-

(Continued on page 2.)



(From "Dust and Ashes.")
(Firm mid the ruin of his grand ideals
An honored shade of noble aspect steals).

The shadow of Numa Pompilius rises.....crowned with a myrtle wreath.....carrying an olive branch.....behind a grafter leading an ass laden with gold.....he is surrounded by a multitude of opportunists and importunists.....they beg alms.....he distributes generous largesse.....some carry away the ass's panniers.....others steal Numa's wreath and wand.....he gives them his gown, smiling benignly.....they depart tearing the robe.....the figure of Numa slowly fades.

Of you, proud Numa, able, clean and brave,
"Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,"
Or slaves, or knaves, take any hated word,
'Tis fit to nominate your plundering horde.
"What shall be said of you?" Well, this we say:
"Expedience ends not with its dubious day;
"It will but skin and film the ulcerous part,
"While rank corruption festers at the heart."
You know, we all know, but forget, forsooth,
There's no compromise with eternal truth;

It needs no prophet with inspired tongue
To prove that right can never spring from wrong.
But brave men, Numa, and you're one of these,
Oft barter future for a present ease;
And statesmen, too, for plaudits of an hour,
Exchange eternal for a transient power;
Building unthinking o'er the hollow deep,
Where coming whirlwinds of destruction sleep.
And yet 'tis said, felt, known by every one,
Numa is our Dominion's greatest son;
And let us add our quota to your fame;
We hold you bearer of a spotless name.
In the wild welter of the pilfering crew,
Nor friend, noc foe, imputed wrong to you;
While rabid virulence itself ne'er said
You reaped, save shame, from the vile mob you led.
And pity 'tis your uncongenial fate
Has made you sponsor for the things you hate;
Forced you to shelter with ambiguous art,
Measures and men abhorrent to your heart.
Those dexterous parryings to shield a friend,
Unworthy you and useless in the end,
Have dimm'd the lustre of a splendid name,
That long will echo down the halls of fame.

(Continued from page 1.)

ful people occupying farms in Canada and the United States. They do not all belong to the type we have been describing, though too many unfortunately do, but the never-ending toil is there just the same. As often as not—on the nice farms—there is a pretty daughter. She will be sure to take a passing shine to the young Englishman on account of his pleasant and refined manners. "So different from that horrid red-headed McCluskey that paw had last summer!" She will take him into the parlor and show him the family album and tell him who the different human monstrosities represent.

"This is paw and maw taken on their wedding day. Doesn't paw look too silly for anything?"

"He does."

"And this is grandmaw. Didn't they wear funny dresses in those days."

"Very funny indeed."

"And this is an uncle who was killed some years ago while driving team for paw. He fell off the wagon."

"The water wagon?"

"No, I believe he was hauling lumber at the time. This is Sadie Golightly, a school chum of mine. She will be here Sunday."

"Ah, I shall be charmed to meet Miss Golightly, I assure you."

"I don't see how you can. I heard paw say that you and he were going to kill hogs all day Sunday."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And here is—come now, you can't guess who this is?"

"Why, let me see—um—let me see. It looks not unlike Mrs. Langtry at the age of sixteen, but perhaps it is more like Maxine Elliott as a girl in her teens,—but no! It might be one of the earlier portraits of the ex-Empress Eugenie. Still, it is too beautiful even for her. I give it up!"

"Why, it's me!"

"You? Why, by Jove, so it is! Now I come to look at it more closely it IS you after all, and a capital likeness, too. Hullo! Oh my God! Who is this a picture of?"

"That's gran'paw, taken shortly before his death."

"Did he die a violent death?"

"Certainly not."

"Was he a very hard drinker?"

"He was a teatotaller all his life, paw says."

"Was he haunted by the memory of any early crime?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"He wasn't hanged, was he?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"His mother didn't get a sudden scare or anything just before his birth?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, we'll let it go at that. Now let me turn back and have another look at your portrait. It is really splendid of you. How many did you get taken? I should like very much to have——"

"Oh, there's paw hollering for you to get to work on that wood pile. Don't forget to fetch in some fresh water and, if you will, you might hitch up Dolly and Barney to the sleigh after supper. Maw and I are going to a basket social at the school-house. And if you've nothing particular to do after finishing the chores I wish you would churn the butter—you know how to do it—just turn the handle. You'll make a big hit with me if you'll do the churning to-night, and be sure to wait up for us and put away the team."

"All right. With pleasure. Delighted, I'm sure. All right, Mr. Stickinthemud, I'm coming!"



Rainbow and Niobe being chased across the Atlantic by a school of infuriated whales.

Your farmer and homesteader are indeed autocrats in their own domain. The average tiller of the soil, through lack of intercourse with his fellow-beings, becomes an individualist, an egoist and a brooder. If an ignorant man, he is full of distrust and suspicion, usually hating his immediate neighbor with a frank and candid hatred. Probably his neighbor's cattle broke down his fence several years previous, or the neighbor got half-a-cent more for his hogs than he did, or his son Johnny was licked at school by the neighbor's son Jimmy. Since, however, the feeling of hatred is cordially reciprocated, the situation may be regarded as a standoff.

* * *

Being of a suspicious nature, your farmer falls an easy prey to lightning rod men, book agents, tree peddlars and the men who sell patent rights for handling of washing machines, wringers and churns. Almost every suspicious-minded person is a come-on. Any con man will tell you that. One of the favorite topics of conversation at supper on the farm is the question of whether a man is legally bound to pay for a newspaper he hasn't ordered if he takes it out of the post office. Another is, whose duty is it to chop wood for the school-house stove? Yet another is whether the brindle cow is in calf or whether she ain't.

* * *

Yes, yes, the orator from the city may prate about the farmer being the fundamental basis of this country's prosperity and the noblest work of God and all the rest of it, but Mr. Orator, you may be sure, has never worked out as hired man to an "honest farmer." The hired man's view of the "honest farmer" should be highly edifying.

* * *

Englishmen of good family are a never-ending puzzle. Most of them seem to live on legacy expectations. They plug along quite cheerfully from hand to mouth waiting for the Guv'nor to die or some old aunt to croak. There seems to be no family sentiment beyond each member's individual interest in getting hold of some of the splosh after the one who holds the purse strings has gone down for the count. When the head of a family dies, or a rich uncle or aunt passes away, there is neither sorrow nor tears. Everyone is waiting with ill-concealed eagerness to hear the contents of the will. Should the expectant ones be "left out," there is instantly a cold, harsh, bitter emotion of resentment both felt and expressed against the corpse. Of course, the corpse doesn't give a damn. It is this everlasting waiting for dead men's shoes that keeps so many Englishmen from learning a trade or profession, or at least something whereby they can earn their bread and butter at a pinch.

* * *

Then an Englishman's mode of speaking his mother's tongue is absolutely grotesque. We met an Englishman out west some years ago who had been in South Africa and one day he happened in conversation to remark that he wanted "no maw baw waw."

"What's that you said?" we asked.

"I want no maw baw waw."

We let it go at that, but later on discovered that what he had meant to say was that he wanted no more Boer war. Needless to add, he was one of those Johnnies whom De Wet had been capturing and turning loose every other day.

* * *

"Anything particular about the bank failure?"

"Yes. The absconding cashier wasn't a member of any church, didn't teach Sunday school, was not a teatotaller, was far from being a respected man in the community, and the directors had been suspicious of him for a long time."

"Most extraordinary!"

* * *

Living up to one's promises is the prosaic part of the business, isn't it, Wilf?

* * *

When the Duke of Connaught comes to Canada to reside he will find lots to laugh about. The Duke is a splendid fellow, with a keen sense of the humorous and the ridiculous. In London his favorite actors are broad comedians like George Graves, James Welch and George Grossmith,



Niobe and Rainbow, espying a sea serpent, flee in terror to the nearest harbor. Booze hanging out fine.

and his laughter over their antics on the stage is said to be infectious. It is understood that his royal highness has expressed a desire to witness a performance by that droll comedian, Eddie Foy, during the first week of his arrival in Ottawa as governor-general, in order that his royal corporosity may start the ball rolling under the most happy and jovial auspices. As a special engagement of this kind, however, would entail considerable expense, and as this government is nothing if not economical, arrangements are being made for the Minister of Public Works to go into Committee of Supply on the evening of the day the Duke arrives and give a two-hours' entertainment in the House answering questions about appropriations for Grit post offices and wharves on the bald-headed prairie. It will be called "A NICHT WI' PUGSLEY" and is expected to throw the Duke and Duchess and their suite into convulsions of laughter.

* * *

The statement of the Hon. Mr. Ellison, the B. C. minister of finance and agriculture, that "the whole agitation for reciprocity had been brought about by a handful of men in Manitoba, and chiefly in Winnipeg, who got $50,000 from Jim Hill for people to go down to Ottawa and raise the cry for free trade," is, of course, the wildest kind of balderdash. The Manitoba Grain Growers' Association should take no notice of this ebullition, on the ground that Mr. Ellison, when making the statement, was probably drunk.

* * *

Calgary has sent an unusually strong rink to the Winnipeg Bonspiel this year. It is made up of Archie McKillop (the "Bob Dunbar" of the West), who will be skip; J. R. Miquelon, lead; Sam Savage, second; J. McGuffin, third. Now, Calgary, get after the silver goblets! Think how pained Fred Adams will be if you don't return laden with the spoils of war.

* * *

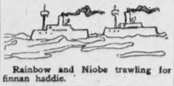
Colonel Sam Hughes must be very tired by this time of seeing himself so constantly referred to in the newspapers as "the doughty colonel." The public, too, is weary of this doughty business. What is the matter with "dotty," for a change?"

* * *

No, "dotty" wouldn't do either. For the doughty colonel—there it goes again—is anything but dotty. He is a great scrapper and during a debate in the House reminds one of nothing so much as a pugilist sitting in his corner, stripped for action, gloves laced on, a coat flung over his shoulders, chewing a slice of lemon and rubbing his feet backwards and forwards on the rosin. The dou—Oh nall!

* * *

Colonel Hughes got after the Rev. Bloody Globe Macdonald in great style the other day. In the course of his speech in the House he referred to the Toronto Globe as "that bedraggled old gelding of journalism." Which was going some, and must have reminded the House of the time when the Hon. Frank Oliver publicly denounced the Manitoba Free Press as "a journalistic prostitute." Of course, being now established in palatial quarters of her own next the Post Office the F. P. may be said to have risen to the "landlady" class.



Rainbow and Niobe trawling for finnan haddie.

A gentleman, finding that the stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, spoke to his coachman about it. "They ought to go," he said.

"That is just what I say myself, sir," was the rejoinder. "I say to them: 'Look at me—I go, and what harm does it do me'?"

We would again warn the general public to be very cautious about investing their good hard cash in new townsites out west without first taking a trip to size up the situation for themselves, study local conditions and gauge the future possibilities on the spot. It will be observed that the prosperous real estate men who unload such an amazing mass of trash and alluring bull-con in the daily papers about those embryonic towns of the far west, (which, in most cases, they haven't even seen themselves,) are not doing any "buying-and-holding-on" stunt themselves. They are SELLING. The sucker does the "buying-and-holding-on." That is, he enters the sucker class when he invests his good old dough in a pig-in-the-poke and buys "sight unseen" on the strength of a real estate man's say-so and a blue print. See what you are buying with your very own eyes, and then only believe half you see and about an eighth of what you hear.

* * *

A girl with a good figure, wavy hair, a smooth complexion and pretty teeth never has to worry about brains.

* * *

A persistent report has been in circulation that Clifford Sifton is going to join, share the destinies of, and, of course, exercise a determining and controlling influence upon the Conservative party. The rumor may or may not be true. For the sake of the Conservative party it is to be hoped that it is not. With such a prospect the position of that estimable institution is a good deal like that of the Arabian fisherman who sat on the shores of the Bosphorus fishing, but in very bad luck. Ever hear of this famous fisherman of the Arabian Nights?

* * *

This poor fisherman was sitting there cursing his luck, when lo! he hooked a bottle, corked, sealed and capsuled. To most people that would have been a pretty good end to the fishing trip. But there are bottles and bottles. Reaching for his trusty corkscrew, the fisherman opened it, naturally expecting to find the usual line of booze. But nary a drop. From out of the neck there issued a misty vapour which gradually took the form of a genie of evil potency and of a most villainous cast of countenance, who had been bottled up and buried under the surface of the water for a considerable period of time. The fisherman found it hard to rid himself of this evil spirit and it hung about him as a cloud for ever after.

* * *

There was an evil genie round Ottawa called Sifton and he was nobbled once when he was not looking, bottled up and dropped into the nearest sewer. By that means he made his way into the Ottawa river. And of course everybody knows that there has been a lone fisherman named Borden trying to catch fish on the banks of that stream for some time. He may have landed the bottle with the genie inside, but by his hopes of salvation he had better not **draw the cork.**

The kind of guardianship which an oriental poet might imagine, and the kind of guardianship which the Canadian people would tolerate, are quite different.

* * *

Nothing could illustrate more the progress of temperance than the small number of charges on the 28th ult. at the different Police Court centres in London and suburbs. The population of Greater London is about seven millions, and hundreds of thousands of people must have been making more or less successful efforts to enjoy themselves. And yet not quite 150 people were charged throughout Greater London with being drunk and disorderly. This is a marvellous testimony—all the more striking that it is based on fact—to the growth of temperate habits among the people.

(Stay with it! You're doing fine. Ed.)



Rainbow and Niobe holding church service at sea. Collection in aid of Grit campaign fund in Nova Scotia bye-election.

The sleuth department of the Calgary police force seems to be getting into the Hamilton class.

* * *

It is now on the cards that the Calgary city council will go back to its old policy of licensing boxing bouts under proper police supervision. The mayor and several of the aldermen have already declared themselves in favor of such a step, thus showing their good sense. Since the lid was put on the boxing exhibitions have been held just outside the city limits and have been largely attended. Of course Alderman Cushing, who lives in an atmosphere of window sashes, matched lumber and hymn books, is very much opposed to the holding of any public function that is not opened with prayer. Perhaps this opposition might be removed by Cappy Smart consenting to invoke divine blessing on the main "boot." The preliminaries could doubtless worry along on their own without special dispensation from above.

* * *

Glen Campbell made a great roar in the House the other day over the small amount of appropriations for Manitoba, suggesting in no mild terms that it was because Manitoba always elected a majority of Conservatives. Glen undoubtedly hit the nail on the head. The expenditure per head of population in Manitoba was 34 cents as compared with $2 in New Brunswick and $4 in Nova Scotia!

* * *

A well-known English word can be made from these letters. Can you tell what it is? The solution is given at the tag end of this paper, but try and make it out for yourself first.

P L N L E E E E S S S S S

The following poem is from the pen of a young Winnipeg lady, Miss Olive Milns, daughter of a British army officer who was killed at the battle of Spion Kop in the Boer war. We cut cut the introductory stanza, as it was just a wee bit too cynical.

JUST THE SAME.

(To the Pretty Woman)
With cheeks like the roses and eyes like the skies,
And charms far too many to name,
Don't abuse them, but use them, and you will be wise,
For your carcass will rot just the same.
If one loves you no longer, there are others to care,
(Men's hearts are so easy to tame,)
Make good use of your eyes, of your lips, of your hair,
For your carcass will rot just the same.

(To the Pious.)
What are you praying for? Who is your God?
Where are you going?—whence came?
Your life is a burden, your heart is a clod,
But your carcass will rot just the same.
You have sacrificed this, and relinquished that—
Beauty and Love you defame,
Be a priest—be a nun—be a spiteful old cat—
But your carcass will rot just the same.

(To the Posers.)
Don't say what you mean—in your asinine way,
Conceal all your motives and aim
To be full of vague, purposeless mystery. Say—
Will your carcass not rot just the same?
Who cares for your motives? Who cares what you do?
We're too busy to watch YOUR fool game;
When you're tired of concealing, conceal yourself too,
And your carcass will rot just the same.

(To All Others.)
Cast off all anxiety—begone to dull care,
Eat and drink, for To-morrow, they claim,
You're in Hell or in Heaven, but I know it's where
Your carcass will rot just the same.
Flow'rs that want gathering—lips that want Love,
Pluck them whatever the blame,
For as sure as the night-stars are shining above,
Your carcass will rot just the same.

* * *

The above poem is a trifle morbid, but there is more in it than you might think for. The thought suggested is that you might just as well get as much out of life as possible, for you



Canadian fleet en-route to Switzerland to witness Swiss naval manoeuvres on Lake Como.

will be a long time dead. When you die, the grief—if any—caused by your death is short-lived. No matter how keen at the time, the sorrow of your friends cannot be expected to last twenty-four hours beyond the funeral. After the funeral, you pass entirely from their thoughts and become exactly as if you had never been one of the actors on the stage of life at all. You are out of the caste for all time.

* * *

So what, after all, does it matter how you act or what you do in this world so long as you abide by the laws and don't make yourself a nuisance nor do anything tending to the discomfort of others? You may have lived a most virtuous life of honest piety, denying yourself many kinds of worldly amusements and enjoyments, because you were told by the preachers that true virtue lay in self-abnegation, but after you are dead your old associates won't think any the more of you for it. Not they! They will shrug their shoulders and say, "Well, what good did his money do him anyhow?"

* * *

The person who economises his emotions, his money and his pleasures during his youth and middle age gets about as much satisfaction out



Imps at the Dressmakers

of life as a man who is dieting does out of his dinner. Some clever man has said that the cost of living is just a little more than you can earn.

* * *

It is beginning to dawn on people that the successful worldly man commands just as much public respect as does the successful business man who is a trustee of his church and consequently very solemn. Even the young folk nowadays cannot fail to observe the silent admiration of the world for the successful scoundrel, the debonnair master of craft who is morally, financially and politically opaque, but who floats on the crest of the wave to the golden shore, living on the fat of the land, whirling about in motor cars and ordering pints the live-long day. When the first-mentioned and the second-mentioned are laid away in their graves they are both on a par, their bones will rot and crumble into dust "just the same," as Miss Milns puts it, and they are known no more.

* * *

While not advocating an out-and-out Eat, Live and be Merry policy, we certainly think that in view of the fact that after death we are chucked into a hole in the ground and subsequently eaten by worms, we should take advantage of every minute that we are alive. What the preachers tell us about a future life is wholly problematical. The greatest preacher on earth knows no more about a future life than the newsboy who sold you this paper. No one seems to take the theory of a future life seriously, anyhow, except, perhaps, on a Sunday when he happens to be under the spell of some eloquent divine. Recall the last one of your acquaintances that died in Winnipeg. Call to mind his face and form and general appearance and tell us, honestly and candidly, if you ever think of him seriously as being alive right at this moment in another world. YOU KNOW YOU DON'T. All you know about him, if you should happen to recall him to memory at all, **is that he is lying out in the cemetery** toes-up, six or seven feet below the earth, in a seventy-five dollar coffin lined with satin, waiting for the disintegration process and the worms.

* * *

It is astounding what appalling lies are told children with regard to death. The lies, we admit, are harmless enough and may even bring a ray of comfort, but truth, absolute truth, is what a child should be handed by his elders. Telling a little child that his dead mother is looking down and watching over him from above is pretty and very touching, but it is placing guesswork in the category of fact and is filling the child's head with ideas which are more liable to be false than otherwise.

* * *

Then again, while we are about it, may we ask why a little boy is always told that God made him? A year or two later he finds out that it wasn't God at all, but his daddy, who happened to get struck on his maw and married her and begot him, wee Johnnie. A Sunday school teacher would hardly have the nerve to tell an illegitimate child that God made him, when she knew that the kid's existence was wholly due to a smooth guy who came along and ruined a silly girl.

* * *

That was a fearful and wonderful ice-race meeting that was pulled off last week under the auspices of the Fort William and Port Arthur Driving Associations. The great race of the day was between Will Mayburn and Minnie W., the latter being no relative to the Minnie M. Minnie took the first, God bless her heart! When they trotted up for the second spasm and passed the judge's stand expecting the nod, they were a slight distance apart, but about forty paces beyond the wire they were on level terms. Then, so report goes, the starter gave the word "Go." The driver of Will Mayburn, not being able to hear the word from such a distance, slowed up and turned back. Minnie W.'s driver, who was looking back, slowed up and was also about to turn back, when the Minnie W. crowd yelled "Go on!" The mare thereupon did the mile alone and was awarded the race. Strict adherance to turf rules may be all right, but the misunderstanding and bungling in this case were so utterly obvious that sporting instinct alone should have prompted the judges to give Will Mayburn another chance, especially as there were only two horses in the race and the driver with the abnormally keen sense of hearing had won the first heat. In any event, all bets should have been called off. (Perhaps they were.)

* * *

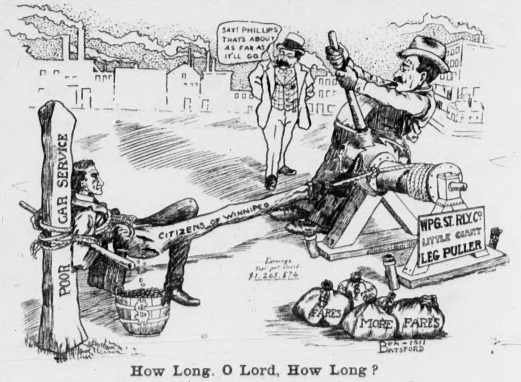
Tom McCranor's Tokay naturally walked off with the Free-For-All, stepping the second heat comfortably in 2.24¾. By the way, how are all the folk at the Avenue? Do the same choice little groups of dead-game sports still foregather in the little cubby holes behind the bar? Why, to be sure! Of course! Why, certainly! The Green Race should have been called the Red Race, for it was decidedly lurid. It was won by Baby Boy, the best heat being done in 2 hrs., 43 min., 5-8 sec. Had Baby Boy been pushed, in a perambulator, he could have bettered this time.

* * *

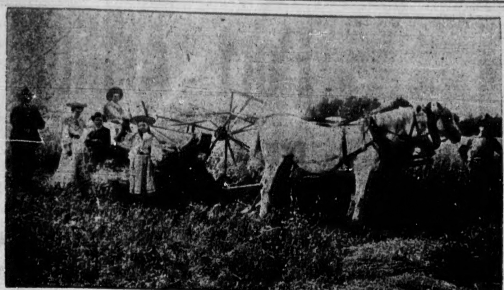
The superintendent of a Sunday School was one afternoon explaining the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal: how Elijah built an altar, put wood upon it, and cut a bullock in pieces, and laid it on the altar. "And then," said the superintendent, "he commanded the people to fill four barrels with water, and to pour it over the altar; and they did this four times. Now we wonder if any one can tell why all this water was poured over the bullock upon the altar." There was silence for a few moments, when one little boy spoke up, "Please, sir, to make the gravy."

* * *

If you want honest criticism of anything you do, tell your friends that it is the work of another and then they will be free to give their opinion that the man who did it was bughouse.



How Long. O Lord, How Long?



See those binders? They are manufactured in Canada and cost the farmer about $180. The same machines are sent to England and Australia, freight paid, and sold in these countries anywhere from $130 to $150. The actual cost of manufacturing a binder at the factory is $26. No wonder the farmer gets on the prod.

There will soon be sprung one of the most extraordinary sensations ever known in Canada. It appears that there has been a deliberate plot to railroad David Russell, the well-known Montreal financier and newspaper owner, into the insane asylum. A royal commission to investigate the conspiracy is to be applied for. The startling facts in the case, as well as identity of the conspirators, have been run down by W. J. Burns, the famous American detective, noted for his work in the Molly Maguire and San Francisco graft cases, also the Oregon land frauds on the U.S. government.

• • •

Mr. Burns is awaiting the arrival of Donald MacMaster, K.C., member of the British House of Commons, and Abram Rose, of New York, before proceeding with the case. Burns says: "I have had to deal with many very strange and curious cases in my career, but this is, I think, the strangest, the most weird, and certainly one of the wickedest I have ever come across."

• • •

"There is not the slightest doubt," says Burns further, **"of the existence of this conspiracy. It involves personages of the greatest prominence throughout thhe Dominion — some names that are honored everywhere Canada is known are mixed up in it. I have the proofs. I am already in possession of signed confessions of some of the minor participants. They admit the existence of a conspiracy."**

• • •

The Salvation Army in India has a public executioner among the bandsmen. He beats the big drum.

• • •

The Red River Athletic Club and the sporting editors of the Winnipeg dailies would do well not to mislead the public as to the identity of visiting boxers. A Chicago pug was brought here recently and advertised and written up extensively as "Knockout" Brown. Whereupon a great crowd went forth to see the great "Knockout" Brown, whose reputation in the fistic world is class A. But it turned out that this Brown was not by any means the famous pugilist who is known far and wide by that distinctive appellation. The Brown brought to Winnipeg was just a very ordinary, common or garden light welterweight scrapper, known in Chicago as "Kid" George Brown.

• • •

The bout between the bogus K.O. Brown and Hilliard Lang was a crackerjack all the same, the latter proving the winner. We would, however, mildly request Harry Gilmore and the local sporting press not to put another one over on the Winnipeg fans like this "Knockout B." stunt, unless they wish to queer the game. The fact that we blew in four plunks for a couple of seats before getting on to K.O.'s real identity has nothing to do with these remarks, for we should have gone anyhow and, as it turned out, the fight put up by both boys was well worth the price of admission.

• • •

Even the Toronto News, in publishing the despatch from Winnipeg about the fight, had to have a footnote in regard to the mystery of "Knockout" Brown being able to engage in a contest in Winnipeg and another in New York on the same evening.



"If that nigger touches this patent percussion helmet cap of mine," said the little boy scout—



"I'm sorry for him!"

(From Toronto News)

Winnipeg, Jan. 22.—Hilliard Lang, the clever Toronto welterweight, won all the way in his bout with "Knockout" Brown last night. Lang had his man in trouble several times and won easily on points.

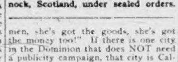
This could not have been the original "K.O." individual of New York, as he was figuring in a winning battle with Bert Keyes in New York last night.

• • •

Late advices from Calgary tell us that Train Dogs and Hydrophobia are both hitting the booze now. The old man cannot keep his eye on his young hopefuls these days, for he dare not go out of doors for fear of having writs served on him. This is very sad, but they really should not lie so strenuously to Sheriff Van Wart and tell him that the old man is in California when he is hidden away in his house (rent unpaid for six months) all the time. This is not treating Van right, es ecially after landing him in his private capacity for $500.

• • •

Calgary is about to start a publicity campaign. Calgary folk must be hard to satisfy. Here is a city—by far the most delightful city in all Canada and the most prosperous for her size—that has moved to the front rank during the past few years with a speed which has been both steady and consistent. There has been nothing bogus or spasmodic about Calgary's advance. To paraphrase the old Jingo song, "She's got the



Canadian fleet headed for Kilmarnock, Scotland, under sealed orders.

men, she's got the goods, she's got the money too!" If there is one city in the Dominion that does NOT need a publicity campaign, that city is Calgary. They might as well talk about starting a similar campaign in Toronto.

• • •

However, if Calgary must go in for publicity, we suppose she must. As an old-time Calgarian we know it will not be taken as impertinence if we unload a few words of wisdom with regard to this publicity business. In the first place, the main qualification for a publicity agent is not, as so many people seem to imagine, a diabolical facility in writing B.S. pamphlets to scatter broadcast all over creation. Let the man who is scanning these lines ask himself, and answer honestly, if he ever reads a line of those pamphlets and sheets of advertising literature that are sent him about the advantages of Skookumville, Ont., as a manufacturing centre and the unbounded wealth awaiting him if he invests in a hamtree orchard in the world-renowned Ochawgamawga district in British Columbia. Of course he never reads a line of this kind of guff. Life is too short. If he does, he doesn't believe it anyhow.

• • •

The publicity agent of a city so uniquely prominent as Calgary would have to be a man of many parts and a good mixer. Moneyed men from the east, the States or England, who are thinking about investing or establishing industries in the West, usually go poking around quietly from one city to another sizing things up for themselves. But, as often as not, they fail to meet the right people in the very place that would suit them, and so pass on. It is the duty of a publicity agent to get hold of all likely strangers who happen along "just looking round a bit," show 'em the local sights in an auto, put 'em up at the club and give 'em the time of their lives. It don't cost much and leaves a pleasant taste in the stranger's mouth. He is liable to call again.

• • •

We remember some years ago two distinguished Englishmen happening to drop off at Calgary to rest their weary bones for a day or two on their journey across the continent. One was Sir John Langham and the other was Mr. Gladstone, eldest son of the Grand Old Man. They happened in a social way to meet Mr. C. W. Rowley, manager of the Bank of Commerce, and that uncommonly shrewd individual at once "scented business." He started in to make the visit of those two Englishmen as enjoyable as possible. You couldn't turn a corner without running into Gladstone, Rowley and Sir John. They were here, there and everywhere, with Rowley doing most of the talking. Instead of a couple of days they remained a couple of weeks.

• • •

Result? Both men made heavy investments in Calgary. Sir John Langham, who is a capitalist, invested thousands of pounds right there before leaving the city. So impressed was he with the city and with the type of business men he met that he straightway deposited an enormous chunk of money with Bank Manager Rowley and instructed him to invest it in interest-bearing stuff in Calgary. The fine Langham block in the wholesale district is one of his properties. Sir John thinks Calgary the greatest place on earth, outside of dear old Lunnon, and perhaps he is not far wrong.

• • •

We merely mention the case of Mr. Gladstone and Sir John Langham in order to show what can be done in the way of arousing the interest of visiting strangers when taken in hand by the right man. Of course Mr. Rowley, in devoting special attention to those two men, had his weather eye on the interests of his bank,—you may bet all you've got on that,—but it serves to show that one of the qualifications of a publicity agent must be an ability to handle the aristocratic investor with the same easy friendly debonnair manner as he would the fat old bloater who was contemplating establishing another brewery "in our midst."

• • •

The best unpaid publicity agent Calgary has ever had is the immortal Freddie Lowes. Freddie, while looking strictly after the business interests of Lowes Brothers, has always managed to combine pleasure with business. Whenever a stranger of some account struck town and put up at the Alberta, who was the man to do the honors and tote him round? Why, F. L., to be sure! It didn't affect Fred's genial spirit a particle if the stranger was not a possible buyer. He gave him a good time anyhow, showed him all that was to be seen and sent him away with a kindly feeling toward the city and the people in it. This is the sort of action required of a capable publicity agent.

• • •

Again, a publicity agent should not be a married man. Your married man has to drop the people he happens to be nursing nicely along and rush home to lunch in the middle of the day. Otherwise, he gets hell from the old lady. Then he must be in the bosom of his family again at six, or more hell. If he wants to entertain some guests of the city at the club and make them acquainted with some of "our pop'lar and prom'nent cit'zens," he has to swear on a stack of bibles that he will return home at ten, sober. An active publicity man must eschew the slippers altogether and keep his shoes laced. Also his hat on. Likewise four cigars in his upper vest pocket ready for instant immergency.

• • •

For a number of years the name of Calgary was kept pretty well before the public of Canada through the wide circulation of the Calgary Eye Opener. We have been frequently told by Calgarians that when registering at a hotel in some eastern city—or even some small obscure town—the clerk would remark, "Calgary, eh? That's where the Eye Opener is published, ain't it?" But such publicity as we gave this beautiful city could not have been of much material advantage, because we rarely dealt with the more serious problems. However, it will be admitted that this rag certainly did din the name of "Calgary" into people's ears all over the country—and may do so again some day.

• • •

There is only one other Calgarian who, within our knowledge, ever went out of his way to give a stranger a ride in his auto and show him the sights. That was R. B. Bennett. Now R. B. is a very busy man, but one day Rudyard Kipling happened along and was taken in tow by the silver-tongued orator from Pile o' Bones. Rudyard had only a couple of hours to spare before continuing his journey, but Bennett rushed him straight to the one spot from which Calgary is seen at its best,—the precipitous hill back of Bishop Pinkham's residence. Rudyard was duly impressed. Had the hill been a little higher he might have seen Nose Creek too, but the Mascot and White [illegible] of course loomed up in the landscape. Shaking hands with R. B. on boarding the train Mr. Kipling was overheard to say, "All right, my dear sir, I will take your word for it—you say that the C.P.R. is that thin white—how does it go again? Oh yes—that thin white band of steel which, stretching from the Atlantic on the West to the Pacific on the East, binds in one harmonious whole this—this—er—how does the rest of it go? Oh yes—this glorious heritage of ours. By George, I must remember that. That's fine. That's worthy of Chatham. You've got a great head, Richard. I'll put that in my Galaxy of Con Talks. Goodbye! I'll scribble off that Ode to Calgary Beer on the train and mail it to you from Cochrane. Goodbye!"

• • •

It is stated on reliable authority that Peter the Painter, the Russian anarchist, has at last been located in the charming little burg of Daysland, Alberta. All the really classy fugitives make a bee line for Alberta. Peter is said to be engaged on an oil painting of Mr. E. W. Day, to be hung in the city hall. It has not yet been decided where Peter himself will be hung.

• • •

A few issues ago we gave our readers the dope about King Manuel and his Parisian paramour Gaby Deslys. In the present issue we hand out for Sunday reading the correct dope about King Alfonso and his high-kicking Totties. This stuff comes direct over the wire from Madrid, the despatch bearing date February 2. It was not sent direct to the Eye Opener, but we presume the subject matter is now common property.

Does Queen Victoria's decision to return to her home in England for an indefinite stay indicate that she has grown tired of King Alfonso's neglect of her, and that the coming visit will virtually amount to a royal separation? Such is the story being circulated in court circles. It is said that the queen has made up her mind to refuse to tolerate longer her royal husband's escapades with Parisian stage beauties.

• • •

There is a long list of Alfonso's feminine charmers, past and present, and in the number is Gaby Deslys, one of the chief contributing causes to King Manuel's loss of his Portuguese throne. It develops that Alfonso was first enamored by the fair Gaby and that after he tired of her he turned her over to the youthful Portuguese monarch, who plunged into a mad infatuation for the dancer. Alfonso's frequent trips incognito to Paris, knowledge of which the cabinet tried hard to suppress by official announcements that the King was spending a few days in the retirement of his home, it now transpires have been nothing more than flagrant escapades in the gay life of the French capital. On one of those occasions Alfonso remained in Paris for nearly three months, although the official time of his stay was announced as only a few days.

We needn't laugh until we split our sides at the Chinaman divorcing himself from his cue. It isn't so many generations back that those of



our ancestors who thought they were anybody went about with powdered wigs and ribbon-bound pigtails.

Knowledge of his continued stay in Paris was finally revealed through a snapshot photograph of the King. Publication of this picture, however, was suppressed and the affair hushed up by a discreet display of international diplomacy. During this prolonged visit in Paris, Alfonso's movements were such that the Paris police were driven nearly frantic in their efforts to guard him and keep his identity unknown.

• • •

English detectives had a similar experience on Alfonso's last visit to England, when he spent much of his time in the company of an actress. His attentions at this time to Lily Elsie were so flagrant that a royal scandal was narrowly averted. The pleadings of his English relatives had absolutely no effect upon the king.

• • •

Following his affair with Lily Elsie, Alfonso became fascinated with Monna Delga, a famous Parisian beauty, who later gave way to Orlette D'Orgare, well known in Paris music halls.

• • •

At last accounts Orlette was still first in Alfonso's affections. This is the third time that Victoria has been on the verge of renouncing her queenship and returning to England. The first was soon after their honeymoon when there were authoritative stories of violent differences between the royal pair. The second time was during the Catalan revolt in 1909, when the British government sent special emmisaries to Madrid to investigate the situation and kept secret service agents in readiness to assist in the contemplated flight. All the stories about the marriage of Alfonso and Victoria in May 1906, being the culmination of a real love affair have long since been disproved. In their place is the hard cold fact that the marriage, like most of the other royal unions of Europe, was arranged purely for political purposes. Alfonso never disguised his dislike for the heavy Anglo-Saxon type of his wife, and the latter was no less backward in showing her displeasure of most of the qualities possessed by Alfonso.

• • •

Naturally, the king's Spanish advisers are making a desperate effort to patch up the present trouble. They have told the king plainly that his neglect of his kingdom for the gaieties of Paris causes danger of a revolution and that in the event of a royal separation Spain would lose her most valuable asset, the friendship of England. So far, Alfonso has given no heed to the warning.

• • •

The gay life of Paris seems to have him effectually in its clutches, and there is no ground for believing that he will forsake his dissipations and neglect of his wife in time to avert an open breach, and the greatest international scandal of recent years.

• • •

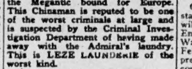
Dorothy Arnold, the missing daughter of Millionaire Francis Arnold, of New York, has been recognized in Leduc, Alberta. The young lady was spotted by a man who used to be a sleuth on the Hamilton, Ont., police force.

• • •

Should Clifford Sifton quit the Liberal camp and come out boldly as a Conservative it will be highly amusing to watch what his devout worshipper, Walter Scott, has to say about it. Walter has been scratching Clifford's back for a good many years now.

• • •

But even if Clifford does proclaim himself a Conservative it does not by any means follow that he will be taken into the Conservative camp. A rat will always seize the first opportunity to leave a sinking or leaky ship, but the crew of the sound barque lying nearby are not very liable to extend the strange rat a welcome in their own quarters. Not very liable, we said.



Canadian fleet pursuing Chinese highbinder, supposed to be on board the Megantic bound for Europe. This Chinaman is reputed to be one of the worst criminals at large and is suspected by the Criminal Investigation Department of having made away with the Admiral's laundry. This is LEZE LAUNDERIE of the worst kind.

Well, the C.P.R. won the case before the Privy Council and once more are the people of Western Canada honswoggled out of millions. R. L. Richardson, of the Winnipeg Tribune, saw this coming ten years ago. While sitting in the Dominion House as member for Lisgar, he introduced (June 20, 1900) a resolution asking for a declaration with regard to C.P.R. taxation as to the clear understanding of the members when the contract was agreed upon in 1881. **The immediate patenting of the lands was also urged.** Frank Oliver seconded the motion in the most impassioned speech he ever delivered in his life, declaring that the restrictions and disadvantages put upon the settlers by virtue of the C.P.R.'s indefinite term of exemption from paying their share of the taxes was retarding the settlement and development of the Northwest.

The resolution was defeated by a vote of 6 for to 99 against. Laurier and Tupper voted against it.

• • •

Mr. Oliver took occasion to express pained surprise that both the premier and the then leader of the opposition should take the side of the C.P.R. as against the people, but at that period of his career it is just possible that the present highly developed politician, Hon. Frank Oliver, was not aware that it has always been the practice of the C.P.R. to donate handsomely to the campaign funds of each big party, by way of making a cinch of it. You cannot very well throw down an outfit to whom you are under pecuniary obligations.

• • •

Although the C.P.R. won the tax exemption case which was recently threshed out before the Privy Council, the western provinces did not draw a blank by any means.

S. B. Woods, who represented the Alberta government before the privy council in the C.P.R. taxation case, issued a statement to correct the erroneous impressions conveyed by wire from the old country and to draw the attention of the public to a point decided which has not yet been noted by the press.

"Once an agreement of sale is made," said Mr. Woods, "letters patent to the company are immediately issued and a transfer negotiated to that individual. Letters patent to the individual are not issued till the last payment is made. An announcement such as that contained in the despatches," continued Mr. Woods, "might induce farmers to grab our land with the idea that it would not be taxable for twenty years, and a farmer would be quite surprised immediately on the occupation of his land to receive a tax notice. Such an idea that occupation does not take place till the final letters patent are issued to the settler is perfectly ridiculous."

Mr. Woods drew attention to the fact that once action was commenced, Mr. Creelman, representing the C.P.R., agreed to yield the point demanded by the government as to once occupied land now abandoned. The C.P.R. at that time agreed that when once land reverted to the company through cancellation of an agreement or other causes its taxes should be paid by the railway. On this land already the C.P.R. has paid thousands of dollars of arrears of taxes.

• • •

The mystery of the Lost Charlie Ross, who mysteriously disappeared from his parents' home in Philadelphia many years ago, has at last been solved. The missing one has been located at Okotoks, Alberta, where for a number of years he has lived under the name of O. B. Stockford.

• • •

How one woman must hate another when she speaks of her as "that thing."



PUZZLE PICTURE

A despatch from Edinburgh states that **"it is with obvious pain that the churches complain that the people of Scotland are losing their haunt of church-going."** Perhaps the present adults of Scotland, like the writer (who is from Auld Reekie), got such an overdose of churchgoing in their youth that they consider it ought to last till the noted referee, Death, says "Ten—you're out!" The wretched Sundays of our own boyhood back in Scotland still fill us with horror whenever we happen to recall them. In addition to being compelled to go to the kirk twice and often three times on the Sunday, we had to fill in between-times memorizing paraphrases, psalms, hymns and the Shorter Catechism, all on a diet of cold mutton.

• • •

Manager Walker has wisely decided to again put the beautiful theatre which bears his name at the disposal of the high class travelling stars and companies that visit our city. He has already made a most auspicious start along this line with Bonci and Gertrude Elliott, each of whom scored a veritable triumph.

• • •

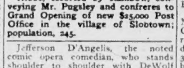
One of the very biggest dramatic stars to visit Winnipeg this season will be Edward Terry, the eminent English comedian, who comes to the Walker theatre on Monday evening February 13th for the entire week, presenting some of his best known comedy successes.

Mr. Terry has long been known as England's greatest character comedian, and he has travelled the world over, winning everywhere the highest praise for his remarkably faithful and lovable characterizations in beautiful plays. He is bringing his entire English company, and his engagement will be a most notable one, for it will give the visitors to the Bonspiel the opportunity of seeing something that will make their hair curl.

Mr. Terry's repertoire for the week will include "Sweet Lavender," "Liberty Hall," "The Toymaker of Nuremberg" and "The Magistrate."

• • •

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 20, 21, 22, "A Stubborn Cinderella" will be presented in this city at the Walker theatre and should please lovers of musical comedy.



Niobe, escorted by Rainbow, conveying Mr. Pugsley and confreres to Grand Opening of new $25,000 Post Office in the village of Slobtown; population, 245.

Jefferson D'Angelis, the noted comic opera comedian, who stands shoulder to shoulder with DeWolf Hepper in popularity with Canadian and American public, will appear at the Walker theatre in his latest and greatest comic opera success, "The Beauty Spot," surrounded by the same large company which supported by the same large company which supported him in the New York run of the piece. His engagement is for Feb. 23, 24, 25, with Saturday matinee.

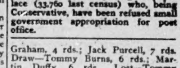
• • •

Thousands of Winnipeg boxing fans having witnessed the more recent performances of Tony Caponi it has occurred to us that the ring record of this clever middleweight, who lives off and on in this city, may be of some interest. The record here given is taken from the "World's Annual Sporting Records, 1910," published in Los Angeles, Cal., and is authoritative. It will be seen that Caponi has fought Tommy Burns twice (back in 1904, however;) Papke three times, Ketchel twice, and Hugo Kelly twice. So that the bold Antonio has mixed in fast company in his day.

Born July 4, 1882, St. Paul, Minn. Height, 5 ft. 8 in. Weight, 158 lbs. Color, white. Nationality, Italian-American.

1902—Won—Fred Vanuch, 6 rds. Knockout—Jack Steiner, 2 rds.; Tom Carpenter, 5 rds.; Draw—Henry Fagin, 6 rds.; Sammy Phillips, 6 rds.; Buck Montgomery, 6 rds. 1903—Won—Jack Purcell, 15 rds.; Joe Curtin, 6 rds.; Hughie McMahon, 18 rds. Knockout—Buck Montgomery, 5 rds. Draw—Charles Mack, 6 rds.; Charles Mack, 6 rds.; Joe Curtin, 6 rds.; Martin Duffy, 6 rds.

1904—Won—Jack Redmond, 6 rds. Knockout—Tony Russo, 13 rds.; Jack



Rainbow and Niobe rushing to Port Busyville to quell uprising of populace (33,760 last census) who, being Conservative, have been refused small government appropriation for post office.

Graham, 4 rds.; Jack Purcell, 7 rds. Draw—Tommy Burns, 6 rds.; Martin Duffy, 6 rds. Lost—Tommy Burns, 6 rds.; Young Mahoney, 6 rds. No decision—Martin Duffy, 6 rds.

1905—Feb. 27, Joe Curtin, D Kenosha, 6 rds.; Aphil 21, Joe Curtin, D Kenosha, 6 rds.; May 4, Young Mahoney, D Fon du Lac, 8 rds.; worth, 17 rds.; July 20, Kid Hubert, K Kansas City, 4 rds.; Nov. 14, Hugo Kelly, No decision, Harrison, Ill., 6 rds.

1906—Feb. 15, Young Mahoney, D, Terra Haute, 10 rds.; Feb. 27, Jack Koerner, K by, Peoria, Ill., 5 rds.; June 16, Jim Driscoll, W, Kansas City, 9 rds.; July 21, Charles Mack, K Wyandotte, 9 rds.; Aug. 24, Hugo Kelly, K by, Leavenworth, 12 rds.; Nov. 20, Larry Temple, no decision, New Castle, 12 rds.

1907—Feb. 19, George Gunther, D, New Castle, 12 rds.; May 21, William Papke, D, Davenport, 15 rds.; June 20, Walliam Papke, D, Spring Valley, 10 rds.; Oct. 29, Young J. L. Sullivan, K, Peoria, Ill., 3 rds.; Nov 14, Billy Papke, K by, Peoria, Ill., 2 rds.

1908—Tommy Sullivan, no decision, New York, 6 rds.; Aug. 7, Larry Conley, no decision, New York, 6 rds.; Sept. 14, Jack Blackburn, no decision, Philadelphia, 6 rds.; Sept. 30, Paul Moore, no decision, Pittsburg, 6 rds.; Nov. 26, Tommy Sullivan, no decision, Philadelphia, 6 rds.

1909—Jan. 15, Stanley Ketchel, Exhibition, Grand Rapids, 3 rds.; Jan. 26, Eddie McGoorty, D., Billings, Mont., 20 rds.; March 24, Bob Burns, W, Hammond, Ind., 10 rds.; June 2, Stanley Ketchel, K. by Schenectady, 4 rds.; June 17, Carl Anderson, W, Aurora, Ill., 6 rds.; June 25, Mont. Jack Sullivan, W, Butte, 20 rds.; July 29, Jack Tippets, K, Butte, Mont., 5 rds.; Sept. 29, Ed. Smith, W, Columbus, O., 6 rds.

• • •

Content consists largely in not wanting something that is out of your reach.



Edward Terry in "The Magistrate"



Are you going to the Coronation ?

"I dreamt about you last night," said the husband in a surly voice.

"What did you dream?" asked his wife indifferently.

"I caught a man running away with you."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I asked him what he was running for."

* * *

The Vancouver Press club members are considering a scheme for giving the public of Vancouver a little amusement. Shortly after the royal commission now sitting on the Chinese immigration comes to a close the press club boys intend to put on a burlesque on the commission, and the outline of the show as roughly planned gives promise of some humorous features.

There will be two acts. The first will depict a scene on the C. P. R. wharf. A customs house watchman is seen scanning the horizon through the wrong end of a telescope looking for stowaways and opium smugglers. He falls asleep at the switch while Inspector Joster, concealed behind a beer barrel, produces an enormous notebook and takes particulars.

Then enters the handsome beauty chorus made up of members of the press club led by Jimmy Hewitt, the king of the smugglers. The watchman wakes up, but looks the other way and the chorus all come on bearing huge cans of opium upon which they take their seats, singing the war song of Yip On's passport men, "O, Canada."

Following this chorus the watchman is bound and gagged and then Yip On arrives and renders Yip-i-Addy Yip On with special effects. Apart from this musical number Pip On is to have an easy part in the show, for his lines consist of but two words, "No savee." Exciting scenes on the wharf follow. A relieving force of watchmen arrives, but the passport men stave in the beer barrel and escape while the watchmen frantically try to save the escaping fluid. Having filled a bucket or two the watchmen light opium pipes and reclining in comfortable attitudes sing a sexette, "Tell Me, Gentle Stranger, Are There any More at Home Like You?"

Red fire is seen, alarms and excursions without, and then enters Inspector Joster as the avenging angel. He springs a mine, secret service men disguised as C.P.R. policemen throw off their disguise by assuming an intelligent look, the watchmen are arrested and the act closes amid tremendous excitement, the audience, it is predicted, fighting madly for the exits.

Act two shows a court room. Mr. Justice Turfy presides, while well-known members of the legal fraternity are seen in advanced stages of old age, for the commission is supposed to have been sitting for 25 years. Yip On is still under cross-examination, but will not swear that the signature shown him is his own. Pip On is given five years to decide on this important point and Mr. Justice Turfy obliges with that favorite song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." All the witnesses make important allegations, receiving their information from men scattered all over the world. The presiding judge, in each case, says, "We will have him here," and officers of the court are despatched to Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and parts of the American continent to secure the material witnesses. Momentary excitement is caused by the ghost of Julian Roy appearing and most of those present die of heart failure, the judge winds up the commission by declaring that "It has all been sufficiently disgraceful, and it was a good job while it lasted.

* * *

A political speaker was attacking the Government with more venom than reason. A man at the back of the hall at last cried out, "You're wrong!" A little nettled, the orator continued, without heeding, presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again: "You're wrong!" The speaker looked greatly nettled, but continued his tirade. "You're wrong!" again rang out. Angrily addressing the persistent one, the orator cried: "Look here, I could tell this man something about this Government which would make his hair stand on end!" "Wrong again!" came exultantly from the critic, as he stood up and raised his hat. His head was as bald as the proverbial billiard ball.

* * *

We make no apology for giving our readers an example of Colonel Sam Hughes' militant style of oratory, taken from Hansard, January ?. The Colonel is getting after the Rev. Bloody Globe Macdonald and the latter's intrigues at Washington on behalf of reciprocity. We have only space for a few disconnected extracts:

Well Sir, I am here to prove that I have not mis-stated a single word, and that I am neither a slanderer or a coward. Mr. Macdonald has attained to that mental condition wherein the spirit of selfishness, insane ambition and tyranny bordering on a sense of divine right, has become domination, a mental condition which is never found in any of the great men, who, like him, profess to be followers of 'the Meek and Lowly One,' nor in any of the great editors of the great journals of the country; but it is common among the inferior class of clergymen in all churches, and among the inferior editors generally. I need not again repeat my assertions, Sir, further than to put them in consecutive order, to show that neither Mr. Macdonald nor the 'Globe' has directly or indirectly attempted to meet my charges.

I stated, first, that Mr. Macdonald went to Washington either on his own personal account or as the confidential agent of this government to conduct reciprocity negotiations. This Mr. Macdonald technically denies. I re-affirm it, however, and will prove him to be deceiver and equivocator.

My next charge was that Mr. Macdonald is not now paid a full salary or for full time as editor of that great oracle of truth, righteousness and fair dealing, the Toronto 'Globe,' but is paid for only part of his time by the 'Globe'.

My third charge was that for part of his time Mr. Macdonald is in receipt of salary, or expenses, or rake-off, or income, or solatium, or indemnity, or consolation, or alleviation, or balm, or any other word that would fill the bill, from the fund largely provided by Mr. Ginn, of Boston, named the 'Peace Society Fund,' such 'balm' being in the form of golden Yankee eagles, or their equivalent. These three statements were made by me first in St. Catherines on an open public platform. I knew that there would be some coward garbed as a 'Globe' editor, or some despicable colleague of Mr. Macdonald, imbued with the same spirit of persecution and hypocrisy, shielding himself behind a five cent white necktie and attaining notice not by his personal worth or godliness or ability, but by the atmosphere of superstition and tolerance surrounding him—one of that fry that bring the sacred name of religion into disrepute; one failing to follow the maxim and practice of the Master, as aptly put by Chaucer:

Christ's lore and His apostles twelve
he preached,
But first he followed it himself.

—one despised by every capable godly minister of the gospel, as well as by every honest citizen and newspaper editor;—I knew that some such ignorant person would charge me with shielding myself behind the privileges of parliament. Therefore I made the charge first openly on the public platform at St. Catherines, and subsequently in the House. Yet I have been told that one of this tribe, no longer ago than Sunday in the city of Ottawa, in the pulpit of one of the churches here, charged me with shielding myself behind the privileges of parliament in this matter. I am informed that this is the same gentleman who, when an election was being held in the city of Ottawa, a few years ago, went with his five cent necktie on, and pledged himself to a member of the Conservative party that he was sick and tired of the 'rascally Ross government' in Toronto and would do his utmost to turn it out: yet when the leader of this same 'rascally government,' the Hon. George W. Ross, appeared in Ottawa, the foremost heeler in the gang who paid honor to him was this same individual.

And he would do his utmost to turn them out. Inside of a very few days this same leader of that 'rascally government in Toronto,' the Hon. G. W. Ross, appeared on the public platform in Ottawa, and the foremost heeler in the gang which surrounded him, was this same individual. On another occasion in that same election, in order to still better carry out the plans of the Grit party, this individual—I shall not disgrace the sacred calling of the ministry by calling him a clergyman—attempted to bring this man Macdonald, the editor of the 'Globe' from Toronto to preach in his pulpit on the Sunday before the election, so that he might try and convince the congregation of the aggregation of virtue of which that good government was composed; but to the credit of the congregation, they refused to allow Mr. Macdonald into the pulpit. Not content with that, this same parson took a list of the members of his congregation and marked—I do not know in what color—how they might be influenced to vote or how they might be disposed to vote,and he did this for the Grit heelers of the party in Ottawa so that they might use it for election purposes. This is the gentleman who is backing up Mr. Macdonald.

In Dante's Inferno, we are told that in one of the nethermost regions below there are a tremendous number of gentlemen who parade clothed in pure and spotless white—I do not know whether they are members of the peace society or not—but they wear a rueful aspect, the lining of their garments is the heaviest lead and the road they have to travel is rough, rocky and jagged. These are the hypocrites who once defaced human society. I sincerely hope that so great an evil will not befall this editor of the 'Globe.' Might I be allowed, as a layman, to express the wish that he may not be found in this company in this nethermost region in the future. Therefore I would respectfully suggest that some steps be taken to reclaim him—and in that connection, I would do my best to bring him back to what he should be—namely, an open, square man, and have him give up equivocating to the extent he has been practicing that art for some considerable time.

* * *

After a long day's shooting some men were telling dog stories. Soon the tales got very tall, and a little man said, "I have a dog that makes all yours seem fools. I generally feed him after dinner, but the other day a friend dropped in, and the poor beast slipped my mind. After the meal we went into the garden. The dog followed us, scratched up a flower, and put it at my feet with the most yearning look in his eyes. It was a forget-me-not!" No more dog stories were told that evening.

* * *

Every public utility in Calgary last year produced on the year's operation, a surplus amounting in all to $88,000. This is a very creditable showing. Vive la Calgaree!

* * *

If West, the Victoria, B. C., swordsman, ever meets Sergeant-Major Page, of the 15th Light Horse, his goose will be done to a turn. Page was one of the greatest swordsmen in the British army in his day and has never permitted himself to get rusty in what is known on the boulevards as l'art d'escrime.

* * *

How is this for a sporty offer?

Of sporting offers made by the large eaters of old that made to Charles Gustavus of Sweden when he was besieging Prague is worthy of recall. A peasant offered for the king's amusement to devour a large hog then and there. Gen. Koenigsmark, so runs the tale, suggested that one with such an appetite ought to be burned as a sorcerer, on which the peasant said to the king: "Sir, if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his spurs, I will eat him before I eat the hog."

* * *

"I have a bone to pick with you, Snideweather," said Rumbelow, severely. "I haven't been able to sleep for six nights on account of that fool dog of yours. The blamed brute seems to keep tab on me, and just as soon as I go to bed it begins giving an imitation of a grand opera performance in a booby asylum. It I had such a dog as yours I would cut his head of or ruin an axe trying."

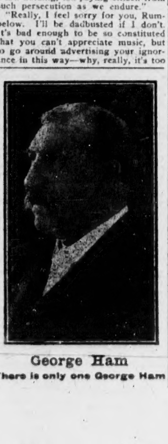
"You don't need to come over here raising a fuss about my dog," replied Snideweather with some warmth. "That dog's the best burglar alarm in this part of the country. If a burglar comes within three blocks of him he sits up and howls, and nothing has been stolen in this neighborhood since I got him. My neighbors get the benefit as well as I do, but I have to stand all the expense. If it wasn't for that dog you'd be robbed blind.

"You ought to come over here with your hat in your hand, and offer to pay half the dog-tax, and furnish half the animal's victuals, but instead of that you come snorting around complaining that you can't sleep when the dog is doing its duty, scaring burglars away. I'm ashamed of you, Rumbelow, jiggered if I'm not. It wouldn't be so bad if you weren't the owner of a cow that's a holy terror to the neighborhood. That doggone cow of yours has broken hearts, and driven more men to drink, than any other agency in this town.

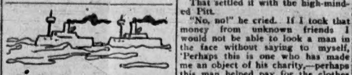
"Nobody can raise a garden around here because of your cow. Last fall I had some of the finest cauliflower you ever saw. People travelled for miles to see that cauliflower, and I was figuring on exhibiting a lot of it at the fair. Then along came your old bowlegged cow and cleaned up the whole patch. Did she come over in broad daylight, like a lady, and eat that cauliflower as though she had a right to it? Not on your life, Rumbelow. She drilled a hole through the fence and came over on tiptoe at midnight and spoiled my cauliflower patch when all honest cows were in bed. And yet, instead of apologizing for the depredations of that licentious cow, you come over here reading the riot act because my dog scares the burglars away from the neighborhood!"

"You ought to be a lawyer, Snideweather, for you have a distinct genius for sidestepping. I came over to speak about your dog, which is a neighborhood nuisance, and you won't talk about anything but my cow, which never injured man, woman or child. I wasn't going to say anything about your daughter, who tortures your old basswood piano for six or seven hours every evening, but since you choose to malign my cow I may as well say that I've stood for as much of that horrible music as I'm going to. If your daughter could play one tune without murdering it I could stand it, but she cripples every tune in the list, from the 'Dead March' to 'Bedelia.' I'm going to see if the law won't protect a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen from such persecution as we endure."

"Really, I feel sorry for you, Rumbelow. I'll be dadbusted if I don't. It's bad enough to be so constituted that you can't appreciate music, but to go around advertising your ignorance in this way—why, really, it's too bad! The best judges of music in this town say that my daughter is a lady Paderewski. Whenever that girl plays you can see entranced people leaning against the fence in front of our house and listening with all their ears. They just beg and implore me to open the windows so that none of the delicious harmony may be missed, and yet you come pawing around over here talking about going to law! And verybody knows how your son raises such a racket with his cornet that it sounds like killing pigs! You're too ridiculous, Rumbelow!"



George Ham
There is only one George Ham



Canadian fleet racing the Lusitania from Alexander Hook to Liverpool. Lusitania gives fleet four days' start.

Many authorities concur that billiards is of English origin, its invention being attributed to William Kew. He was a London money-lender and pawnbroker, who in his hours of relaxation would take down the three balls which were, and are still, the sign of "Uncle," and these trade balls he knocked about with a yard stick such as is used in measuring cloth. He soon discovered that by making one ball glance off another a pretty and pleasant game resulted. Eventually a board with pockets was introduced, and it seems probable that the new pastime was christened "Bill's Yard," composed of the Christian name of the inventor and the instrument used to manipulate the balls. In due course the name was altered to Billiards, and the stick got the name of a Cue, after Kew, the name of the pawnbroker.

* * *

Calgary's population is 55,330 according to the estimate of the directory authorities. This means an increase of over 9,000 in the past year. One fact in the growth of Calgary is revealed in this year's directory, and that is that this city shows a greater proportion of English-speaking people than in almost any other city in the west. The slight foreign-speaking increase is shown in the north and east of the city.

There are 600 streets and avenues in the street section of the new book. Another fact of extreme significance is that the proportion of vacant houses in the city is insignificantly small. The publishers' returns of empty houses is placed at the astonishingly low figure of 100.

* * *

In the course of debate on the gift to Finance Minister Fielding of $125,000 it was shown that the recipient of this nice fat chunk of splosh had accepted it on condition that he was kept in ignorance of the identity of his benefactors. Someone also made allusion to William Pitt, who refused the offer of a similar money gift from his friends; but the whole story of Pitt's refusal was not told. On perceiving his unwillingness to accept from his friends what he could not but regard in any light other than that of charity, they assured him that the names of the donors would be kept strictly secret both from him and from the world.

That settled it with the high-minded Pitt.

"No, no!" he cried. If I took that money from unknown friends I would not be able to look a man in the face without saying to myself, 'Perhaps this is one who has made me an object of his charity,—perhaps this man helped pay for the clothes I have on my back'."

* * *

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "did you behave yourself at the party?" "Yes, ma," replied Willie. "A lady handed me a plate of iced cakes, and, being quite full up, I said as you told me to say, 'No, thank you'." "That was quite right," said his mother approvingly. "She handed them a second time," said Willie, "and I said as before, 'No, thank you'." "You are a good little boy," cried his mother. "But," continued Willie, "she handed them a third time, and you hadn't told me what to say the third time." "I must have quite forgot to tell you. But surely you said something." "Yes, ma," replied Willie, "I thought of what pa says." "Why?" inquired his mother. "What does pa say?" "Take the damned things away. How many more times have I to say 'No'."

* * *

A good story went through Germany about a Schusterbub, or cobbler's boy, who waited outside the palace to see the emperor come forth for his afternoon airing. Finding the delay tedious, he suddenly exclaimed: "The booby isn't coming! I shall go."

A policeman at once caught him by the collar, and shouted, "Whom do you mean by 'the booby,' sirrah?"

"Why, my friend Michel!" whined the boy. "He was to have met me here, but he hasn't come."

The policeman of course accepted the explanation, and let him go, whereupon the boy retreated twenty paces, struck a derisive attitude, and yelled:

"And whom did you mean by 'the booby'?"

* * *

Solution to cryptogram: SLEEPLESSNESS.

"The Scotch That Made Makinlay Famous"

"V. O. B."

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR THE WEST

Distilled and Bottled at the Distillery by

Chas. Mackinlay & Co. - Leith, Scotland

SOLE AGENTS

GREEN & CO., WINNIPEG

311 Fort Street *Phone Main 623*

The Best That Money Can Buy !

Have you ever smoked a Really Good Cigar?

TRY ONE

If your dealer does not sell them, the man across the street does. 'Nuff said!

VALLINS & CO., Makers

LONDON ONTARIO



Port Arthur AND Ft. William

Best MANUFACTURING and Distributing point in Canada.

Inside Business Lots.

Choice Residence Lots.

Suburban Acreage.

Water Fronts for Wharfage.

Trackage Properties

Map showing whole situation and environment, both Cities 82.

Apply to

R. A. RUTTAN

P. O. Box 195,

Port Arthur, Ont., Canaba.

WHAT OTHER CITIES HAVE DONE WINNIPEG CAN DO — HAS DONE — AND IS DOING, MANUFACTURING THE NOW FAMOUS

ALONSO CIGAR

TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED — FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Rates $2.00 *Cor. 9. Ave. and 2. Str. East*

When in Calgary go to the

New Imperial Hotel

Calgary, Alta.

Sixty rooms refurnished

Up-to-date in every respect
Car passes every 5 minutes

J. MOSLEY
Proprietor

QUEEN'S HOTEL

CALGARY

This Hotel is one of the most comfortable and well appointed in the West.

Guests get their money's worth at the Queen's and always come back. Excellent Cuisine. Reliable information about the country given strangers.

BUS MEETS EVERY TRAIN.

Terms $2.00 up **H. L. Stephens, Proprietor**

ALBERTA HOTEL

CALGARY

This Hotel is the King Edward of the West and handles the traveling public with an eye to their comfort and convenience.

Terms $2.50 Up.

Proprietor Taprell personally manages this well know hostelry.